as types of certain phases of human nature, but as the exponents of prototypes which might easily be found in the familiar walks of social life. At all events, they present a series of riddles to the curious reader upon which he may cudgel his brains with more or less success, as well as upon the mystery of the anonymous authorship of the We will not be so indiscreet as to reveal the plot in advance, but-premising that although it is somewhat desultory in construction, it comprises a variety of powerful scenes, betraying not a little vigor of conception and a rare definess in arranging dramatic effects-we will present a rapid panoramic view of the experiences of the principal personage, who, however, divides the interest with so many other conspicuous characters that he can hardly be called a regular hero.

Theodore Thirlmore was the nephew of a Scottish emigrant named Donald McGregor, who had lauded in New York when a poor boy of twelve years, and had slowly made his way to ample wealth, without renouncing the frugal habits of his early days. He was a genuine bit of granite from the Grampian Hills, struck off by a sudden blow, full of angles of the bardest and sharpest kind. After retiring from business in New York he removed to a rough rocky farm in the State of Vermont, which he had previously purchased as a home for a sister, and where young Theodore first saw the light. The promising youth is first brought upon the stage in contrast with a tender-hearted, sensitive cousin, the son of his mother's only sister, who had married an aristocratic young Southern planter.

Donald McGregor's Vermont farm was as Scotch as

Donald McGregor's Vermont farm was as Scotch as himself. In other words, it was little more than a realise for real. A field had been rescued here and there for quitivation, and by diet of hard work, from the stones large and small which covered it. To Scotchman had imported theep and cows from over the water, with shepherds and collie dogs, and when the Wieler was specially severe he enjoyed his disconforts since as much as though he had never left his native land. One morning, within a week after ins ceture from the South, he went out in search of his nephews. Two or three of the laborers were trying, in the corner of one of the worst of the fields, to roll out of the way the mage fragments of a dead tree which had been the scotchman's appropriate welcome back the night of his sections of the worst, who were looking on. Steven Trent stood off

of ait?"

He was a swarthy country youth, large of feature and a bone, coarsely dressed, almost uncouth in aspect as a voice and manner. It was hard to see wherein the wo inds were reinted. A mostiff and a greyhound were nore asike than himself and young Trent: a Normandy traught-horse and a racer would have been better astelled. One thing struck the cousin from the South treatly; while young Thatlmore seemed to be coolly indifferent as to his mother, his uncle and himself, he ould not pass an ox without stopping to stroke its road nose; he had his arms about the neck of any orse that happened to be near him; he never sat down on this florers were fonding the ears of his big dog Brute." which followed at his heels the day through. "You love animals," Irent sait to him at last.

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"You love animals, Trent sait to him at last.

"You love animals, Trent sait to him at last.

"You love animals, then son the core than I do people," ras the almost sullen reply of the other, as he turned way. The truth is, the boy had never been outside the tate, and he had recognized a certain superiority in his onash which had invariably irritated him whenever hely had been thrown together, from their cartiest days. With the trivitation had always arisen in young Thribore a desire to assert himself against the other, he trouble was, that the superiority of the new-comer ms as bird to define as to be douled, and the farmer of felt that his very self-assertion was of a blind and dundering kind; but it was only the more determined.

"Yaur son's name o' your fine-mannered folk, like teven," the nucle said to hes sister that night. "His ather, ye kon, was a gentlemon, and Jean too, bonny ean, was a leddy."

"As any true." Eispeth made grim reply. "Jean had a to work as I ted, but if was only the more determined.

"Yaur son be a king. Time will show,"—and, like all sightly camp remarks, the words made due and deep appression upon Douald McGregor.

The farm-nouse was a small and weather-beaten

talk of his nephews, his eyes glaneing keenly at them from under the white and shingy eyebrows. Mrs. Thirimore said little as she knitted with steady purpose at the blue stocking which reached, as see sat, to her lap, and her son was aimost as silent; for young Trent, in his after bereavement, was easer to love and to make himself loved by the only relatives he had left. A question of his aunt had started him, and he was describing his old home and the night of the disaster. There was such a contrast in the people about him to the warmhearted and impulsive youth that it told upon him at last as cold does upon a flower. He glaneed at his sturdy cousin, who, scated near him, was finishing off an axe-helve with his lack-knife; then at his aunt knifting away, with her lour, hard tace, as if she always had knitted, and would knit forever; then at his old nucle, intent upon his paper. There was so little sympathy that his heart sank within him, and he soon became as silent as they, and was glad to go to bed, and so get, please God, to his parents in his dreams.

The old uncle, who had rarely come within sight of college wails, and in fact was without the slightest tincture of "book-learning," had decided to give both the youngsters a liberal education, and due time they were packed off from the Vermont hills to a famous seat of learning in a distant State. "Within a month after this the cousins had left the farm. It had always been the intention of the father of Steven Trent to educate his son at Old Orange, the college at which he had hunself graduated with high honors, and at the time of his death he had been himself preparing the youth for it, and with great care. With young Thirlmore matters had been different. When he was a boy of ten years of age, his uncle had fully determined that he ould be educated merely to manage the farm. But the lad had developed such energy, slow but dogged, as he grew older, that the old merchant had made up his mind to send him to New-York and have bim trained there to business. As he was about sending him thither a great revival of religion swept over the State, and the lad became in his silent fashion a member of the church. Although the Scotchman showed small evidence of it, he may have been affected himself, for he changed his plans in regard to his nephew. He would not make him a farmer, nor a merchant; there was something better than that for a youth who was growing into so vigorous a manhood. Donald McGregor said little about it, but he saw to it that his nephew was thoroughly taught at an academy in a neighboring town with a view toward entering college. And thus it befell that the two cousins left the farm. Their uncle consulted neither of them, merely telling them one day that they were to leave the Thursday of the week following to become students at Old Orange, several hundreds of miles south of Vermont. Young Trent was overwhelmed with joy, his cousin as undemonstrative as was his wont. In due demic shades of which Treut, especially, had heard ever since he could remember. The cousins were examined for admission as Freshmen in the class-room of Professor Rodney by that celebrated mathematician himself. There was that in the examiner which made them tremble like newly-hatched chickens under the beak of an eagle; and when they passed out at last his remark, 'Very well, genn, that will do,' had a certain accent in it as possibly, of sarcasm. They were glad to go, glaneing with some apprehension even at the janitor as they went. From their childhood they had both eard so much of Old Orange that there was a halo of its august reputation about every one belong-ing to it. With the shyness of youth they shrank a little as they came down the stone stairway from the building in which they had been examined, and ed through a group of young men lounging carelessly about the lower step. Ryidently these were Seniors, or Juniors at least, they seemed to be much at home. Hardly had the new-comers passed, when the crowd burst into that peculiar kind of laughter which burts so, the one hearing it knowing as well that it is aimed at him as if he had been smitten instead with a stick or a stone. 'I wouldn't mind them, Theo,' young Trent said as many would be killed?'

The lady he addressed was slight, fair, with wonderfully fine cres and intelligent countenance. She was so scated as to be almost hidden from the audience behind an also plant, and she now glanced again at the face of her neighbor.

"The church seats three thousand, with camp-stools, five hundred more," she replied in a modulated whisper,

they walked on, for he saw how the swarthy face of his companion flushed. He was unfortunate in in his remark. 'It was at me they laughed,' he growled. 'I see you know it! I am an awkward country lad, but it is the contrast between us which struck them.' He was right, except that he had no idea how uncouth he was. His size, his association with his rough old uncle and energetic mother, the oxen with which he had labored, the rocky soil, the stormy Winters, bad all left their impress upon young Thirlmore. Never had Old Orange seen a more gawky, angular, lumbering specimen of the rawest of material, and the contrast with his companien was such that it was impossible not to laugh. No one was as sensible of this as the Vermont youth, and with it came the instant and sullen spirit of self-assertion. Dumbly conscious of reserves of strength within, 'I'll show them yet, I'll show them yet!" was what he said to himself, and he said this more and more every day."

Before completing his college course Thirlm had shot up into a truly splendid yourg fellow, his stature was in keeping with his noble head, his dark hair and eyes, and swarthy cheeks, whose cusset health was always tinged with red. His slow way of talking, which always seemed to be laying down the law, expressed the self-assertion, the unconscious audacity of the man. In spite of his physical vigor, he was indolent to the last degree where his studies were concerned. Had it not peen for the daily assistance and perpetual en treaties of his cousin, the burly Vermonter would have been long ago dismissed from cellege. "I suppose," said he one day to Treut, "I suppose I am a fool. But it is because I am little more than an animal. Even our old exen on the farm will bellow and tear round a little when rested, and have a belly full of grass. When I get out of doors, away from books, I am like a horse out of harness." During a little walk of the two into the country on a blustering windy day, came within sight of a handsome mansion among the cedars on the roadside ' Look at that place, Trent,' Thirlmore said, the wind buffeting them as they went, with new fury. That old rascal has hundreds of acres. Do you see the stables, and the conservatories full of roses, blooming this moment? He has thirty thousand a year, that fellow has. What a difference between bim and us! Go into that house, and you will find parlors, dibraries, sumptuous bed-chambers. The dining-room is in keeping with the pictures, bronzes mirrors, carpets, gorgeous dinners. On one side of his fireplace that man is sitting this Instant, I'll bet, fat, comfortable, with slippers, velvet dressing grown, the best cigars, and a decanter of the choicest wine within reach. On the other side sits his wife, richly dressed, rosy as well as fat, with diamonds on her fingers, and plenty more upstairs -not a care on earth. Between them, on the rug, and about the house are beautiful children, St Bernard dogs, and all that. Whenever they take a fancy, they can have any visitors they like-pretty women, brilliant men. They have a billiard-table, and the best music that money can buy. Nothing to do, not a thing to bother about. And here are we. We! 'Well, what of us?' his companior asked. 'It is wicked,' exclaimed Thirlmore; 'it is the animal in me, of course, but my miserable soul howls like a hungry wolf for the good things of this life. I can't see why I am not as good as anybody. It is wicked, is it ? We'l, God has me in hand, I suppose. He can master me, and nobedy else." After leaving college Thirlmore decides upon the

study of divinity, and in due time we find him a popular clergyman, the pastor of the Church of the Holy Oriflamme, admired for his resplendent elo quence, if not revered for his saintly piety. His views of the clerical profession were somewhat remarkable. On his last return home from Old Orange, he went about his work on the farm as independent as if he were not armed and equipped to wag his pow i' the pu'pit." His uncle stood by hum one day as he toiled at one of the boulders in the rocky field, which seemed to multiply as fast as they were removed. "The valedictorian of his class had laid aside his hat, coat and vest, and, lever in hand, was toiling at his work in a way which brought out the muscles of his shapely form, as well as the perspiration upon his bronzed and determined face. 'He will be a grander mon than Tummas Chawlmers,' the white-headed old Scotchman remarked to himself, with grim satisfaction, his rugged face as set as ever. Thirlmore had come to be a stronger man than even his uncle. Of later he put what he thought and felt into action, and left it as much uncommented upon as his hunger or thirst. That which he knew as he worked was this: What I can do to this rock will be done,-all I cannot do will be left undone. It will be the same of any church. A church to me will be merely a big make it do and be.' Believing this, he changed the bearing of his lever, this way and that, until be aved the stone over. Then he put on his hat, coat and vest, went into the house with his uncle, and ate a hearty supper. After which, he grappled with one of Chalmers's Astronomical Discourses, precisely as he had done with the boulder, led in a brief prayer at his unc.e's gruff command, and, going to bed, fell sound asleep, Soul and body he was at one with himself, and an ox could not have slept more profoundly." His exploits at the "Holy Oriflamme" are described in the account of a visit to the church by an erratic, freespoken classmate who wished to treat himself to a sermon one pleasant Sunday after he landed the day before from an absence in Europe.

the day before from an absence in Europe.

"It is the first Sunday I have seen for ab, how long!" he said, "and that gives the day this last flavor and fragrance of Paradise. The streets are so clean and quiet, the air is so pure and still, the people so cleanly arrayed, it would not be out of place if Christ himself were to come walking down the pavement. So cool and invigorating it is, too, that old Grumbles even could write a hymn if he were to try. If I were to sit down to it. I could pour out a lyric as naturally as a bird sings. If Thirlmore, fresh from his vacation, does not preach well such a morning as this he is a brate. God knows that I am no Christian, and yet I hope Thirlmore will not fail me. I have been outside of home religion so long! Whether it is a rousing or a restrui sermon, so that it is the old gaspel, I shall enjoy it. I wonder where his church is."

"He stouped the first gettleman he noet to inquire.

"Mr. Thirlmore's Church I The Church of the Holy Orillmone! Cectainly," the one questioned made reply. And he gave directions how to findet with a degree of alacrity, and even pride, which exhilarated Goernsey, sensitive as he was to everything. If proved a magnificent structure when he reached it. On entering with the crowd he found that Thirlmore had greater incitement to longure than anything he how yet imagined.

alacrity, and even pride, which exhibitated Goernsey, sensitive as he was to everything. If proved a magnificent structure when he reached it. On entering with the crowd he found that Thirmore had greater metterment to elequence than anything he had yet imagined. A mass of well dressed people were walting in the vestibuls to be shown to scale; but the instant the usher, with the bouquet in his button-hole, beheld Guernsey, he knew him from his appearance to be a distinguished somebody, a celebrited author most likely, and hastened to give him a seat upon the platform.

From his clevation Guernsey had a view of the whole house. There was a small desk with a vase of flowers upon it at the front of the platform. Behind it was a semi-circular grove of plants, from between whose flowers and tropical leaves could be seen the chorlaughing and talking together as they arranged themselves to sing. They seemed to be all young and happy—the beautiful dresses, the blooming checks, the black beards, the gloved hands, the sparkling eyes, were in constant motion behind and amidst the folioge, while back of all the organ lifted its decorated pipes to the ceiling.

eonstant motion behind and almist the longe, which back of all the organ lifted its decorated pipes to the ceiling.

"The music ought to be sweet," Guernsey said to a indy scated on his right, "the organ pipes lock "xactly like enormous sticks of candy." He did not know the lady, who colored and smiled and bit her lips, but be had to say something to somebody. The time allotted for the pew-holders to take their seats had expired, and it was as though the cordon of ushers had been overmastered along the line, such was the irruption of people down the asises.

"I thought it was Sunday and church," Guernsey remarked to the lady, "but just look at them!"

Men and women were hurrying along, each eager to secure the best scaf, to the exclusion of those behind; there was a certain selfish greed in the thronging, bustling rush, which jarred upon the visitor. He ran his eager cyes, none the less, over the multitude. The large majority of the people were young, "a baid head, a white beard, here and there. His eyes rested at last upon a hady occupying the front seat. She was young and plump, rosy and fair, richly dressed,—and evidently enjoying the occasion. Her lips were parted,—she was looking with wonder at the in-pouring crowd.

"She is a dairy-maid fresh from her cows, not long married, and has never read a book through since she was looking at the one alluded to at the moment, and seemed to understand.

"What an invasion! and the women are the worst!" he continued, in a louder tone, "Look at the old lady in black alik, with the claborate puffs of white hair on either side of her sharp face. She actually crushed that little old centleman out of her way. See how she fans herself, she is saying, 'Thank heaven, I have got a good seat anylow.' I am giad she is under the gallery in case it should break down. What a crowd! If," be additionally made.

for there was that in Guernsey's face and manner which made it impossible to be offended,—it was a pleasure to

or there was that if Curriary made it impossible to be offended,—it was a pleasure to speak with such a person.

"For he is a Samson, isn't he!" Guernsey zaked, with the fun of a spoiled child in his eyes.

The hady looked steadily at him, then smiled and said, "You must wait and find out for yourself. Here he is."

At this moment the preacher came upon the platform, tall, handsone, admirably proportioued, and entirely at case. But Guernsey did not look that way. He was considering the lady instead. There was something in her beyond the perfection of her face, beyond the questioning of her large cool eyes. He was trying to make her out. "And you," he murmured at last, "might be Dellian."

egan to sing.
"It is very fine indeed," Guernsey thought, "but we
re all panting and perspiring too much as vet to be
susted, much less devotional. So far, it is not a bit of
church. Want awhile. The prayer will compose our

a church. Wait awhile. The prayer will compose our minde."

The minister had held his slouched hat in his hand as he sat. When the choir had disappeared again behind the masses of verdure, he looked about him, then arose, went to the desk, opened the Bible in a leisurely way, looked over the congregation from one side to the other, and began to read. His reading was very good. Every syliable could be heard by every person present. Accent, emphasis, pause, modulation, infects in, were admirable. But Guernsey was thinking only of the reader from beginning to end. Then the minister closed the volume, and the singing burst forth, the congregation rising and joining in. The volume of sound was almost sublime; but when the lady next to Guernsey offered to share her book with him, although Guernsey gladly accepted it, be could not sing. The words and time were lamiliar to him, but he thought, "It is because I have been in Europe so long, I suppose." Moreover, he combined his attention at last to the singing of his companion. It was low, and sweet, and good, but it never occurred to him to sympathize with her in anything beyond the singing itself. "I have become such a heathen," he thought. The minister did not sing. A number of notices had been handed him, and he was reading these during the first part of this service. After that he looked over the audience, "as though he were enjoying a fine landscape," Guernsey felt, and gave himself unconsciously up more and more to the study of the clergyman himself, and apart from the meaning and worth of what he might say.

When the singing was ended, the pastor sat still for when the

self, and apart from the meaning and world of what he might say.

When the singing was ended, the pastor sat still for quite a while, and then arose slowly and went to the desk, "as if." Guernsey sliently commented, "he had suddenly said to himself," I must pray now,—that is a fact,—I had almost forgotten it!" You heathen," Guernsey remonstrated with himself, "stop criticising this man! At least go with him now to God."

He sincerely desired to do so. Ever since he could remember, he had been so racked from time to time by disease that every nerve had been trained to tensity. Capable of the most exquisite agony, he was as capable of pleasure the most exquisite agony, he was as capable interested him most of all. From habit, from his-long practice, too, he possessed subtlest insight as to motive, and it was as though his fibres rang with instant accord or discord in company with the immest sout also of whomsoever he chanced to be with. The man had found no such satisfaction in men as to make him cease to

whomsoever be chanced to be with. The man had found no such satisfaction in men as to make sinn cease to lunger for God, yet he could not detach himself from the annister who how bed it prayer.

"A clear and beautiful enumeration that of God's attributes," he said to himself after the opening clauses of the supplication. "Very comprehensive and accurate," he conduced when the pastor had recounted the minifold wants of man. An admirather resume of the state of the country, the aberrations of politicians and business men. Yes, and this next was a singularly sufficient analysis of personal pecularity and demand, but when less men. Less and the activate and demand, but when malysis of personal peculiarity and demand, but when vil we get to God f. Bess me, and you are not geing to lo more than to inform the Amiganty! For, quite suddenly, is the most of all, the injuster ensed, and the choir broke forth. "I thought be would varm up out of his nonchesses statement of matters and

arm up out of ms nouch a statement of matters and to praying. Things he agod since I went ove e water. Get id of yourself you brute!" Grarins; caned to and concerning him of, "and rid yourself on too. This is Sunday and preaching. Shake your

It required no enart to listen. The manuscript of the It required no effort to listed. The mathers of the presence ray open before him.—he was as much at home with it and with the audience as possible. The volce and manner were collequiat; it was plain that the sermon had been carefully prepared. Every hearer was as much at home from the first with the speaker as the was with each hearer. He simply taked to them. There was as close and natural and purely a human interest was as close and natural and purely a human interest.

on lorever. Is as it. Gaerasey continued to film f, "he had said, 'O well, it is about time to stop. Will it talk it all over again some day.' But he does hole om wonderfully! The man has so much homan nature hat a spiendid-looking fellow he is, too! He is no mid of them, and they know it. I am glad I came to-

There was more sluging, a brief benediction, and the audience dispersed, talking and laughing. It was very dain that they all liked it, and would come again.

"Was he Sanson i" the lady by his side lingered to say is they remained together for a moment. It was asked welly, but with a certain confidence.

"No, madam, he was no!" Guernsey answered, with bright eyes, glad to express an opinion. "It is not what is called the Gospel, you know. That is not the Gospel as I used to hear it. And there is nothing in it very strong or deep, logical or new, as an address on morals. But Ilke your preacher. He has a genuine hold upon the people. There is an unaffected human nature about

him."
"I am sorry you do not rate him highet." There was a trace of mortification in the eyes and tones of the lady as she spoke, and turned away.
"Pardon me, madain," the other hastened to add.
"He is not a Samson." But he is better, he is a Mark Antony. He speaks as a man of the people. His elections of the speaks as a man of the people. queuce is—"
"Over the body of what Casar ?" The lady in slowly
departing had looked back to ask. Her eyes were in bls.
full, steady, demanding a reply. He was thrilled; but
the choir, chatting and gigaing as they went out, separated them before he could frame his thought into suit-

rated them before he could frame his thought little full-able words.

There were quite a number of gentlemen and hadies around the preacher, congraturating him. Every one seemed to be in histispirits, and the flowers, the flutter-ing ribbens, the merry talk, and all, made a brilliant seeme upon the platform.

"Hallo, Guernsey, is that you, old fellow i" Thirimore said, catching sight of him in the crowd, and giving him a cordual hadd-shake. "Glad to see you is no word for it! Peace, here is Guernsey. You have often heard of him. Except myself, he was the smartest chap in col-lege. Guernsey, this is my wife," and the popular preacher turned away to speak to a number of others who were crowding about him.

"It flashed upon me a moment ago that you must be his wife," Guernsey said, as he shook hands with her. "I am glad I was right." It was the lady who had sat beside him.

beside him.
"Mr. Guernsey!" she exclaimed, with sincere pleasure. "I might have known who it was," she said, "I have heard so much of you."
"I am, or rather was an invalid," he replied, "but I should have come had I known—" and he bowed and

should have come had I known—" and he bowed and langhed.

Mrs. Thirlmore was looking elsewhere as he said if. Her busband had gone down from the platform, and was speaking with the biooming lady who had occupied the front seat. She had taken the hand of the minister in her own, and was taiking eagerly to him.

"O, Mr. Thirmore," she was saying, "this is such a treat! We had nothing but a duil oid church in the country, with a dry old preacher. Low me! I hated for Sunday to come. It was all so pokey, you know. All we had was a big flddle and a tuning-fork, and the sermons were two hours long. I had to chew fennel and carsway to keep awake. And you will come to see as soon again! Preachers must n't tell stories—be sure and come."

Guernsey soon removed his eyes from this enthusias-tic isdy, and transferred them to Mrs. Thirimore.

"Happy Thirimore, to be so worsnipped!" he said. "I suppose this idolater is but one of a thousand. What is her name!"

"I believe it is a Mrs. Gruffden," the other replied, with a shade of disdain. "She has never lived in a city before, and takes. I believe, a great interest in our church. Mr. Gruffden is one of our leading men. We shall be happy to have you call, Mr. Guernsey."

The old Scotch uncle was badly disappointed in

his fashionable nephew. Upon "sitting under his

preaching" for the first time be was astonished at the splendor of the church, at the vast audience, at the gorgeous organ, the flowers, the singing. In a sense he was proud, too, of the preacher, proud of his fine appearance, of his cool bearing, of his voice so full and resonant, as he laid down the law to his listening crowd: "But Thirlmore labored under certain disadvantages then, as always. It was not merely that he had to say things which were striking, they had to be new things-things which were more striking, if possible, than anything said before. The newspapers and theatres supplied excitements so varied and pungent during the week, that the demand upon the preacher was really terrible. 'He is allowed unlimited liberty,' Guernsey had said to Mrs. Thirlmore only the day before, 'in all directions except one. The whole world is open to him so long as he doesn't go backward. Those people take a sermon precisely as old topers take whiskey, and Thirlmore must put in more sleohol, more cayenne, every time. Now there is a limit even to vitriol, as there is to honey, and Thirlmore cannot create new sensations.' 'And then,' Mrs. Thirl-more said, 'actors are never long in one place, and he has had the same audience now for years.' Worse than that, actors," Guernsey added, have Shakespeare to fall back upon, and old-fash-ioned preachers have the Bible, but Thirlmore has to draw upon his brain. Moreover, the old style of divine took his theme from what he saw among his people during the week, their sins, their sorrows; but Thirlmore never visits. The obsolete parson preached about an inexhaustible Sen of God, while Thirlmore has only-forgive me-himself to talk about. Besides,'-for Guernsey knew he could say what he pleased to the lady-' the antedituvian divine held himself in connection with the infinite Spirit of Truth as of Life, the oil was from inexhaustible stores, but with the paster of the Ori-flamme the flame is as of a lighted rag which—you will allow me to say what I think? 'Certainly,' the lady said,—no fact could be too vigorously stated for her. 'Which swims in merely a saucer of lard. Pardon me, Thirlmore is a splendid fellow, madam, but his intellect is not infinite.' It was this which made it so hard for the popular

preacher that day; he was exhausted, was spent from the severe strain. Why particularize? The lack of doctrine, the absence of anything resembling solemnity, not to say unction, the sidethrusts at things he considered sacred-all these so astonished the old Scotchman that his anger was omething to come afterward. Once or twice Thirlmore awoke a peal of laughter, and the Tummas Chawlmers of Donald McGregor's hopes stood be fore him transformed almost literally into an angel of darkness, Lucifer, Belial!" But the winding up of the gorgeous bubble could

not be long postponed. Thirlmore had long been regarded as thet most conspicuous minister in the city. Every stranger in town was taken to hear him as one of the leading attractions. For many Winters he had lectured far and wide with immense applause and large profits. His photograph was a leading feature in the shop windows. His Sunday sermon seldom failed to appear in the newspaper of the next day. At every anniversary or public dinner he was sure to hold a prominent place. As he passed along the street he left a heaving wave, as of a steamboat, behind him in the number of people who turned to look after. Not even the monarch of Babylon could have been more thoroughly satisfied with himself. But the crash was at band. A few days only were required for the bursting out of the volcano. The leading member and managing deacon of the church took sides against the pastor. It was Mr. Gruffden-for that was his name-who had obtained Thirlmore for the position. He had advertised the minister, if possible, more than he did himself. But some change had come over him. People whispered to each other and laughed when his name was mentioned. They had an odd way of glancing at Mrs. Gruffden when they saw her. At a meeting of the trustees, the minister saw what impended when Mr. Gruffden rose to speak. He was more than angry. For the first time in his life he was awkward, and he floundered more and more in proportion to his wrath. There were reasons for what he had to say that he could not even hint at. - The church, he remarked, had cost enor mously in the first place. Not only did the debt remain unpaid, but the income was not sufficient to meet the interest and expenses. They were far worse off now than they had been when the enterprise was started. Every expedient had been resorted to m vain. The only thing to do was to let matters take their course. When Mr. Gruffden sat down, everybody felt that a crisis had come. But the trustees came with energy to the rescue. Strong resolutions were passed, and the most sanguine as mrances given that all would yet be well, Multitudes of people hastened to inform the popula preacher, in person or in letter, that he sho sustained. But all to no purpose. The Church of the Holy Oriflamme ceased to exist, and at the last glimpses we catch of the pastor, he is disappearing behind a cloud.

HARPER'S LATIN DICTIONARY.

This imperiant work, of which Professor Mayor Professor of Latin in Cambridge University, England, says that it "must supersode all its rivals for common use," is so creditable to American scholarship, as an index of the high grade to which classical learning has attained in this country, that we gladly give place to the following appreciative notice of it, which appeared in a recent number of The London Athenaum. The reviewer's hearty recognition of the superiority of this Dictionary to every European work of the kind, is only a just tribute to the learning, judgment and industry of the American editors:

LATIN DICTIONARY. Founded on Andrews's Equipm of Freund. By Charleton T. Lewis, Pa.D., and Charles Short, LL.D. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Press.)

It is now rather more than four centuries since, in the very intancy of printing, the first attempt at a Latin lexico: was issued from the press. In the year 1460 there appeared at Mavence, typis probably of Guten berg, but nerhaps of Faust, the famous "Catholicon" of Frast Johannes Balbos Januerss. A report of a somewhat later date says that an edition had been previously printed from wooden blocks and in an ormate style; but no interry has any trace of such a copy, and it is intrinsectly improbable that so large a work could have been executed by so embersome a process. However this may be, certain it is that the "Catholicon," when it did appear, became popular, and was largely reprinted at Venice and elsewhere. It was doubtless useful at the time, but the prominence given in its pages.

chantur oracula literarum."

And in another place:—
"Jam quanto insulsius, immo impudentius, delirat super lace voce (Melota in Heb., xt. 37) quisquis fuit auctor operis contium inductissimi, quad vocant Catholicon."

Baibus had avowedly founded his book on two much earlier works, one of the eleventh cen'ury by Paplas, called "Elementarium Doctrine Erudimentum" (a "intile opus," according to Scaliger), and the other Huguita, a Plean of the twelfth century. All these, to gutio, a Pisan of the twelfth century. All thes gether with some others, are tarred with the same to your Peter Bouher in the following elegant lines.

Infelix plebes Papiam Ebrardumque legebat Scriptaque barbarieis vix bene nota Getis, In precio fuerant Vgintio Catholiconque Atque Mamotreett semilatina lues.

Scriptaque barbarieis vix bene noia Getis,
In precio fuerant Yeautto Catholiconque
Atque Mamotrectte emilatina lues.

The "Mamotrecton" here alinded to is properly the
"Mamothrepton," a Latin book for babes and suckings, published about the same time as the
"Catholicon." At little later, in 1480, a better
book appeared, the "Brevlequus" (published at
Basie) of Reuchin. Other dictionaries soon appeared
in pienty, chief among them the "Corucopia"
of Perottus, the "Lexicon" of Calepinus, and the "Toesarus Cleeronianus." of Nizotius. The great Robertus
Stephanus at last, having underfaken to edit a new edition of Calepieus, found it so poor a work that he determined to wholly reconstruct it, and affer two years'
incessant sindy, especially of Plautus and Terence, produced (in 1531) his own "Toessurus Lingua Latinae."
This celebrated lexicon, the foundation, in fact, of all
similar works for more than two centuries to come, contamed the grand innovation of adding French transiations to most of the Latin words. It migut, indeed, have
been better, but that it endeavors to cover too wide a
field, and admits, like its predecessors, writers as late as
the twelfth century; consequently we find too many
such words as mymphur, sublat, petiansura,
and other extunets from the, so to say, "old
fron "age of Latinity, These are retained even in the
edition of 1735, but improvements in other respects
were attempted in each successive edition. In the third,
for instance, of 1543, the quantities of the syllables
were for the \*\*End time marked; and much assistance
was afterward given to editors by Basil Faber's "Thesaurus Eruditionis Scholastica." published in 1571.
Meanwhite English scholars had not been idle. As early
as 1541 one I. Elliot, a Suffolk man, published in 1571.
Meanwhite English scholars had not been idle. As carly
in 1584 cooper himself published a mench larger and improved work. Little appears to have been done in the
way of Latin lexicorraphy in the seventeenth century,
but the latter half of the

known Cambridge scholar, and a still greater one is promised, in the remote fature, from Oxford.

The work now before us is a much enlarged and improved contion of Andrews's abridgement of Freund, originally published in 1851. As to the chlargement, at any rate, some idea may be formed from the fact that the new book contains about 400 pages more than the old, of the same size and type. It consists, in inct, of 2,019 pages, of which, as the preface informs us, the first 216 (article A) only are the work of Dr. Snort, of Columbia College, U. S., Mr. Lewis bring responsible for the remainder. Much assistance was given to the editors by Dr. Freund himself, who rewrote some articles, and made about two thousand additions, and by Dr. Fischer, of New-Brunswick, and Professor Lane, of Harvard. The directions in which improvement was needed are sufficiently obvious. The last thirty or forty years have witnessed extraordinary advances in pure scholarship archaeoloxy, and especially philology, and a good dictionary must incorporate the results obtained by a thousand investigators in all these fields. Our editors have at all events, as a reference to the book will show, rightly appreciated their duties, and have not spared labor in collecting from every source available new matter.

The first addition that appears is an orthorerable of the standard their collecting from every source available new matter.

matter.

The first addition that appears is an orthographica index taken from Brambach's "Aids to Latin Orthography." We notice in looking through this list that the spellings recommended accord generally with those to which Mr. Muuro and his followers have accustance in the same words however, even the same words however, even the same words however. ribbo, new and more happy quotations (especially liceable those from the jurisconsults, e.g. sub "Calumnia") are introduced, meanings more carefully differentiated and arrar (see, for example, the article ou solvo), new interpretations suggested (s. g. sub "Cal'x (2)," the meaning, "ond of a page," omittee Andrews, is introduced and illustrated from Quint

well scoured, nor are references omitted to older writers, such as Bopp and Pott. A few important words (e. g. earlies hebes) are still left without any suggestion of origin or homogene, but in these cases the etymology is obscure, and might, perhaps, involve more discussion than would be convenient. In conclusion may be mentioned one very great improvement which the editors have imported from our old friend, the "Gradus ad Parnassum." To many leading words is appended a list of quasi-synonyms; for instance, discustus suggests sal, facetice, cavillatio, levos; soul lucrum again quastus, compendium, commodum, fructus. The use of these additions to the young composer need not be pointed out, but a valuable school lecture or series of lectures might be founded upon some of these references. Advance in schoolsony in nears, in great part, (as Professor Jebb has binted in the preface to into Theophrasius), an increased power of preceiving the minute distinctions of meaning which association introduces into words. It is lack of this insight which renders the classical work of the best achoolboys so bad and clumay compared with that of older scholars; yet boys are never awakened to their own deficiencies in this respect, but are directed merely to go on reading in the blind hope of improving, they know not how or in what direction. Professor Seeley and Dr. Abbott, in their "English Lessons," have given

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